

Slow and Steady by Luddleston

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Summary:

Keith and Lance have been dating for just over six months, but the sex stuff is... new. Keith's as anxious as physically possible, Lance is trying his hardest not to be overly eager, and that particular combination of things means this is taking a while.

They're alright with that, because after all, something like this is worth it.

(Takes place right after chapter six of Let's Get Started)

Slow and Steady

Author's Note:

So, I started writing this back at the end of October, which was a bad idea in itself, because starting a new fic right before nanowrimo shouldn't have seemed like a good idea to me.

Anyway, I got to keep the leftover wine from Thanksgiving so I decided to finish this. Yep. Dad AU finally has smut.

Keith woke with Lance pressed to his back, both of them overheated and sweating because the June sun was already beating through the window and Keith's bedsheets were navy. He was loath to move, anyway, especially when Lance stirred, and the first thing he decided to do was kiss Keith's neck, his lips moving warm and slow, still lazy and half-asleep. He stopped when he reached Keith's messy hair and breathed deep, his sigh breezing along Keith's jawline.

"Morning," Lance said, "your hair smells nice." His stubble scraped at Keith's neck just enough to make his skin prickle with goosebumps, and Keith found Lance's hand laying over his stomach and fit his fingers between Lance's.

"Thanks?" Keith laughed nervously and Lance wiggled closer to him, until his legs tangled with Keith's, and Keith was still way too hot, but it wasn't the temperature anymore.

They'd both just slept in their boxers, and it meant Keith could feel way too much of Lance against him and sure, Keith was no stranger to the concept of morning wood, but it'd been a while since he'd had somebody else's pressed against him. He knew Lance could feel him breathing a little harder, could probably hear his attempt to swallow his nerves.

Lance didn't seem to draw any attention to the, uh, situation down there, and continued to kiss him instead, down his shoulder, shifting and, intentionally or not, slowly sort of grinding his hips against Keith's ass.

Keith's breath caught in his chest. "What was that you said last night about you being patient?" he asked.

"Hm?" Lance was either not paying attention or less awake than Keith thought. Lance moved again, just a little, and the slow drag of his cock against Keith's ass was driving him crazy. His free hand twisted in the pillowcase as he tipped his head to smush his face into the pillow—well, more into Lance's arm, because that was where his head had been resting. It was too good for him to move away or really respond at all, that same creeping anxiety getting him again.

"Just. You're not exactly, uh. Waiting."

Lance froze, seeming to wake up all of a sudden, and immediately shifted away from him. He started rambling so fast Keith wasn't really sure what was coming out of his mouth, except there was a mix of, "oh shit, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that," and, "*fuck*, my arm's asleep."

"That's probably my fault," Keith said, as Lance shook his arm out, flexing his fingers to get the feeling back in them.

"Huh?"

"Your arm, it's probably my fault. I was laying on it, so."

"Oh, oh, yeah, no problem." Lance cringed, his eyes darting around the bed like he was distinctly trying not to look at his own lap. "I'm sorry, Keith, I didn't—especially after we had that whole talk about—yeah."

"It's fine," Keith said, and Lance opened his mouth to protest, so Keith kept going before he could. "I mean it. It's fine. If I was really bothered by you doing that, I would've moved."

Lance looked relieved and curious all at once, his head tilting a little as he leaned in to inspect Keith's expression more closely. "So... it was good?"

Keith finished closing the distance between them to kiss him, close-mouthed, because morning breath. He couldn't remember if he'd brushed his

teeth the night before, either. "Yeah, it was good," he said, his fingers skimming down Lance's side, teetering on the edge of either initiating something or leaving to go take a shower.

"Can I do that some more?" Lance asked, his fingers skimming up Keith's knee. Keith was silent, privately admitting to himself that this would be way easier if Lance just wanted it so much he dragged Keith into his neediness along with him, which was a shitty thing to think. It was also what Keith's last... well, boyfriend was too strong a word, had done. Keith found that he wasn't entirely used to being the one who made decisions when it came to sex.

Lance, having noticed something in Keith's enormous pause, lifted his hand from Keith's knee, stroking his thumb along Keith's jaw instead, which was somehow more intimate and less so at the same time. Maybe Keith was just used to Lance touching him there.

"I don't know," Keith finally said, because it was as honest an answer as he could give. "I want to, I..." He sighed, dropping his head onto Lance's shoulder. "I feel like this should be easier."

"Nah." Lance said, running his fingers through Keith's hair for just a moment before he realized it was too tangled for that. "It makes sense that it's—I mean, it takes a while to get used to being that intimate with a person again. I get it. I haven't had sex with somebody I was dating in like... oh god. I don't even wanna count the years."

"Okay, well, I haven't had sex in at *least* six years, because that's how old Oliver is, so."

Lance laughed, and shifted until he was at the head of the bed, his back against the headboard and his body tilted so that Keith could lay on his shoulder. Lance started tracing nonsense patterns on Keith's arm, which he tended to do while they were sitting together, just a way to occupy his hands without constantly tapping his fingers on something. "So we're kind of in the same boat, there."

"You cannot tell me it's been six years for you," Keith said, "even if you and your girlfriend were broken up. I don't believe it."

"Okay, fine, it's maybe like a year and a half, but hooking up with somebody from Tinder is different than, you know, sleeping with your significant other, so."

"I guess so." Keith couldn't deny it, he was comfortable with Lance, even with the two of them half-nude on the bed still. The tension he'd expected just never bled into him, and he was grateful for that, and was also chalking it up to Lance's hands on him, gentle and methodical.

"So. You wanna talk about it?" Lance asked.

"About sex?"

"Yeah," he said, "I think it'd... help. Maybe. Maybe it'd make you feel more uncomfortable, I don't know."

"It's probably a good idea," Keith said, "talk about it now instead of, I dunno, trying to do something and then me freaking out again."

Lance kissed the top of his head, laughing quietly. "Yeah, the objective is not to freak you out."

"Okay." Keith sat up. "But I'd rather have this conversation with some more clothes on, if that's... if that's not totally weird."

Lance shook his head. "Nope! Been meaning to make you breakfast, anyway." He hopped out of bed, looking through Keith's dresser for something to wear—although Lance had pretty much taken over his top drawer, he fit in most of Keith's clothes and Keith got a little thrill of satisfaction seeing him in them, so he didn't mind that his wardrobe was pretty much Lance's too, now. Besides, he stole Lance's clothes just as often, so he couldn't complain.

Once breakfast was finished, the two of them sat in the living room, a mug of coffee each, Lance's significantly paler because of all the creamer he

used. Lance had his feet in Keith's lap like this was a completely normal conversation, and it soothed Keith's nervous anticipation a little. Lance was grinning at him over his coffee mug, the tilt of his eyebrows particularly mischievous, and Keith knew *exactly* what was about to come out of his mouth.

"If you start singing 'Let's Talk About Sex,' I'm going to kick you out of my house," Keith said, and Lance shut his mouth.

"Dammit, you know me too well." Lance took a sip of his coffee in lieu of singing at Keith, collecting his thoughts. "Okay, so. What kind of stuff are you cool with?"

Keith raised his eyebrows. "Out of... everything? Are you talking about kinky stuff, or?"

"No!" Lance kicked him in the thigh. "I'm just talking about your boundaries, babe, like how far do you want to go?"

It was then that Keith's brain started to feed him some recent mid-shower fantasies, ones that involved Lance naked under him, the two of them pressed together, Lance *inside him*, fuck, okay, he had to shut that off real quick. "All the way," he said, because they were talking about real life, not fantasizing, "I want to have sex with you, Lance, I thought we'd kind of mentioned that already."

"Okay, but!" Lance protested, setting his mug down so he could talk with his hands. "There's like, a *lot* of ways you can have sex, and a ton of those don't even involve full penetration, so if you *weren't* okay with that, that doesn't mean we wouldn't have sex, it just means—you get it."

"No, I think I'm going to need you to describe some of those ways," Keith teased, trying to keep his face straight, hiding the curve of his mouth behind his mug.

"Oh? How slow do you want me to describe them?" Dammit, Lance could tease right back. "I'm just saying, I'm *very* good with my mouth, and if you wanted a demonstration of that, I'd be just fine with it."

Keith started wishing he'd snuck some Bailey's into his coffee. Holy shit, this man. "I—well. You could do that, too, if you wanted?"

"Oh, I want." Lance picked up his mug again like he was specifically trying to get Keith to look at the way his lips pursed around the rim of it. Not that Keith wasn't already well-acquainted with Lance's mouth. "Alright, seriously," he said, licking a stray drop of his drink off his lower lip, and that was doing *things* to Keith. "So, we've determined we both wanna fuck, uh, I guess my next question is, what's making you so nervous about it? Other than the stuff you said last night, I mean."

"It's a lot of things," Keith said, after a careful moment of thought. He glanced at the clock on the wall behind the TV, making sure Colleen wasn't about to bring Oliver back home in the middle of this conversation. They still had an hour, so he relaxed. Though, that was something. "This is gonna be really stupid."

"Okay, you still gonna say it?"

"Yeah, I am. I'm sort of freaked out by doing that kind of stuff with a kid around, like I wouldn't want Oliver to figure out we're—it's dumb, I know. He's not even home." Keith shook his head at himself. "But, it's still something I'm worried about."

Lance nodded. "Okay, would it worry you less if we did it at my place?"

Keith thought for a moment. They didn't spend much time at Lance's apartment, just because it was easier to have Lance come over than to bring Oliver, and therefore, all of Oliver's stuff, over to Lance's place. "I think so," he said, surprised he hadn't come to such a simple conclusion earlier.

"Cool," Lance finished off his coffee, smacking his lips, and yeah, his mouth was still doing things to Keith. "So, you wanna plan some, uh, alone time at my apartment?"

Keith tapped his fingers on his mug and then dropped his hand to Lance's ankle, running his hand up Lance's leg, clean-shaven as usual, a habit he hadn't been able to get rid of after starting it for his high school swim team.

"I don't know if planning it is gonna work," he admitted. "That was part of what made me freak out last night, just the idea that you were expecting us to have sex and that it *had* to happen."

Lance nodded emphatically, kicking his feet a little, the kind of erratic action that said he had an idea he was a little too excited about. "Ooh! So. What if we just have more dates at my apartment? Like, no plans in particular, just dinner or something. Then it won't feel so much like we're going there just for sex reasons. I mean, obviously if Oliver is staying at his grandparents' for the night it's gonna feel a little bit like sex reasons, but. Maybe?"

"Maybe," Keith said, "I mean, I'll try it." He set his mug down and scooted down the couch until Lance was nearly in his lap. "I really want this to work," he said, his hands on Lance's waist, unsure whether to pull him closer or keep him there.

"It's okay if it doesn't," Lance said, almost immediately.

Keith frowned at him. "You're... surprisingly okay with that possibility. I mean, for such a—I don't know."

"Oh, I know, I know, I'm a pretty sexual person, like, within a relationship. But I'd rather have you even if it take a while for us to get to that point than just be with somebody who wants to have sex with me." Out of the whole conversation, this was what made Lance blush. "You're worth it, Keith."

Keith kissed him until the doorbell rang four times and Oliver came bursting inside in the wake of it, diving headfirst onto the couch between them with an extensive story of how he'd just now learned that Shiro's prosthetic arm *came off*.

— — —

Keith didn't think he'd ever be calling his mom to ask if it'd be okay if he didn't come by at eight to pick up Oliver, and could he actually stay the night? Yet here he was, his face bright red because Colleen was laughing her head off at him. She was a smart lady, she absolutely knew Keith was

calling because his latest "just a date" at Lance's place had turned into the two of them getting way too carried away. Lance didn't seem to have any regard for Keith's phone conversation, and was undressing in the next room. Keith's eyes darted to the side, and through the open door, he could see flashes of bare brown skin, the flex of Lance's back muscles that he wanted his hands on—his *mouth* on.

"Keith," Colleen said from his phone speakers, in the kind of way that meant Keith had failed to answer a question because his mouth was busy going dry at the sight of Lance's long legs kicking off his shorts.

"Uh, yeah, ten's fine." He *had* to get in there before Lance's underwear came off.

"Alright, I'll see you tomorrow." She still sounded like she was laughing at him. God, that was absolutely where Pidge had gotten it from.

As soon as he could get in an, "okay, see you, bye," he sprinted for the bedroom, dropping his phone on the dresser in favor of grabbing Lance's hips, wrapping his arms around Lance's waist as he pulled Lance's back to his front, burying his face in Lance's shoulder.

"Okay, wow, you got me," Lance said, and he was also laughing at Keith, but he minded this less. "Jesus, Keith, did you *run* in here?"

"Maybe," Keith said, kissing his shoulder, "possibly. Oliver's staying at my parents' til tomorrow morning."

"I assumed that was why you came in here and started getting handsy," Lance said, and Keith was pretty sure hugging hardly counted as 'handsy,' but maybe it did for him. Lance leaned on Keith's shoulder, tipping his head back so he could meet his eyes as Keith peered down at him. "Hey, handsome," he said, pitching his voice as low as it would go, "come here often?"

Keith couldn't help the laugh that escaped his chest. "Wasn't that the first thing you said to me?"

"Something like that." Lance stepped away from him, out of his arms, and took both of Keith's hands in his, pulling him toward the bed, until they were close enough for Lance to sit and Keith to stand between his legs.

Keith leaned in to kiss him, planting one knee on the mattress to balance himself. Lance only let it for a moment before he broke away, fixing Keith with an imploring stare and a little whine of his name. "You want something?" Keith asked, half-teasing, half-unsure what Lance actually wanted him to do next.

"Take your shirt off?" Lance asked it like if Keith didn't want to, he could keep going with all his clothes on, which was ridiculous, because Keith was pretty sure you had to have your clothes off to have sex.

He removed his hands from Lance's shoulders, still balancing with one knee on the bed, and reached behind himself to yank off his T-shirt, going for the fly on his shorts when Lance's hands caught his wrists.

"Wait, wait," Lance said, looking up at him and Keith could swear he was licking his lips. "Can I take these off?"

"Yeah, that's, that's fine." It was more than fine.

Lance had one light on in his bedroom, just a little lamp on his bedside table that was turned to its dimmest setting, and the light was almost golden as it haloed him, setting his expression on fire. He curled his fingers in Keith's waistband, eyes roving up and down Keith's body as he slid his shorts off, letting Keith step out of them. Lance gripped the backs of Keith's thighs and looked up at him, like *he* was starting to feel nervous. "Fuck," Lance muttered, trailing it with a breathless laugh, and Keith raised an eyebrow at him.

"What?"

"I just. Like, I know how often you go to the gym and stuff, but I didn't... You're *so fucking hot*, it's insane. Ridiculous. Who said you were allowed to have a six-pack?" Lance's eyes had left his, and he was staring at Keith's

torso, then at his arms, as Keith rested his hands on Lance's shoulders again and his biceps flexed.

"I don't have a six-pack," Keith said, shoving Lance back playfully. Lance went without effort, flopping onto his back and letting Keith climb on top of him, kissing him again.

"I bet you would if you flexed, though," Lance said, his hands skirting up Keith's abs, almost ticklish, like he was trying to get Keith to prove it.

"Maybe." Keith indulged him, even though he was pretty sure he didn't have a defined six-pack even flexing, but Lance sucked in a breath, his palms flat against Keith's stomach, then trailing up his chest.

"I like this, too," Lance said, squeezing Keith's pecs, and *god*, that felt good, Keith couldn't remember the last time anybody did that to him and didn't want to try, because right now, he didn't want to think about anyone that wasn't Lance.

Lance's knees raised to frame Keith's hips as they kissed, his hands smoothing up to Keith's shoulders, then back down and around his waist, hauling him closer, until Keith was a little worried he'd crush him. Lance didn't seem to be concerned, and, *oh*, that was what he'd been trying to do. Lance's hips lifted off the bed as he ground his cock against Keith's through their boxers, kissing him with abandon, barely pausing when Keith almost bit his tongue, his mouth snapping shut, teeth grinding, because that felt even *better*.

Lance ducked his head, kissing Keith's jaw and neck as he continued to move, rubbing them together. Keith had been half-hard since they were making out on the couch and decided Keith should stay the night, but this was absolutely taking him the rest of the way there and then some.

"Jesus, fuck, take your goddamn underwear off," Keith said, trying to put some distance between them so he could shove his own down. Lance followed, and then Keith had Lance completely naked, grinning up at him, his mouth red from how hard he'd been kissing Keith, the spot he'd been worrying on Keith's neck probably matching.

"What do you wanna do tonight?" Lance asked, lazily trailing his fingers up and down Keith's biceps, pausing to squeeze them every so often, because apparently he hadn't gotten over his fascination with Keith's arms.

"I dunno," Keith said, swallowing any remaining uncertainties, "anything."

"Okay, but what do you *want*," Lance asked again, more insistent. "What turns you on? What's gonna make you feel good?"

The answer to that was also 'anything,' but there might've been some things that Keith wanted to do more than others, and none of them he wanted to say aloud. He knew Lance wanted him to use his words, though, but he couldn't help but chew his lower lip for just a second before finding the words. "I... I want to go all the way." He paused. "Fuck, I sound like I'm sixteen."

"Aww, no!" Lance said, barely forcing down giggles, "you're sweet, Keith, it's cute. So, you wanna stay on top of me?"

And, honestly...

"No," Keith admitted, "I want you on top."

Lance's eyes widened as he scrambled to sit up. "Like, on top, on top?"

"I want you to fuck me," Keith said, the plainest way he could put it, and apparently that was some kind of code word that got his mouth occupied with Lance's again for a long moment.

"That was," Lance said, between kisses, "so hot. I wanna hear you say that again, I wanna *make* you say that again."

"It's just been a long time since I've had anybody, you know." Keith couldn't help the defensiveness creeping into his voice, even though he wasn't sure why it felt the need to be there. "That's not really something you can do to yourself, so. I want you."

"Keith, I don't need a *reason* to fuck you," Lance said, and then thought for a moment. "Except for the reason of: you want me to." He was grinning in

that teasing kind of way again. "Also, you can totally do that to yourself, or did nobody ever tell you about dildos?"

"Do you really think I have a dildo?" Keith asked. "Seriously? I can't hide anything." Oliver was sneaky sometimes—Keith had actually bought himself a vibrator at some point, just to try something, and Oliver had found it in like, a week. That one had been easier to explain, because the batteries were dead and it didn't look like genitalia.

Lance thought for a moment. "Should introduce you to mine sometime," he said, then went about fishing through the drawer in his bedside table like he hadn't just told Keith he had at least one sex toy somewhere in this apartment. Keith stared after him with his mouth open, only remembering to shut it when Lance turned around with a bottle of lube and like three condoms in his hand.

"Okay, why do we need that many?"

"I literally just grabbed whatever was in there," Lance said, tossing two of them back into the drawer. "Don't judge me for having loose condoms sitting in my drawer, okay?"

Keith had already known they were in there, actually, because Lance kept his ibuprofen, phone charger, hand lotion, nail clippers, and a couple other things Keith had borrowed before in that drawer, and he'd come across the condoms in the process. It was such a bachelor move—Keith had his own in the medicine cabinet that had child-proof locks to keep tiny hands and nosy faces out.

It was surprisingly easy to pull Lance on top of him, if Keith didn't think about exactly how explicit the spread of his legs around Lance's waist was, if he didn't focus on the slow path Lance's hands were taking down his torso.

Lance, because he had no filters whatsoever, wrapped a hand around Keith's cock and said, "I want this in my mouth," without hesitation. Okay, then.

Keith was starting to wonder how many times he'd find himself speechless before tonight was over. "You. Uh. If you want?" That was stupid. He'd just said he did.

"Oh, I want," Lance said, shifting downward, not giving Keith a moment to collect himself before sucking like half Keith's dick into his mouth all at once.

Lance was *good* at this. Even though, ostensibly, he hadn't done it since college. Keith was fucked.

"*God.*" Keith's head tipped back, which was probably for the best, because making eye contact with Lance just then would've killed him, probably.

Lance uncurled the hand he had wrapped around Keith's dick, inching down further, pulling off for just a second with a, "sorry, I'm a little rusty at this," before proving exactly the opposite, swallowing him almost down to the base. It lasted just a second before Lance pulled away again, but he went back down on Keith before he could recover, his hands skating up and down Keith's thighs.

"Lance," Keith sighed, "that's. Fuck, didn't know you could do that." Lance hummed in the back of his throat and Keith clapped a hand over his mouth, moaning way too loud behind it. Lance pulled off, and Keith sat up just a little, getting the view of Lance's mouth open, his tongue dragging up Keith's cock. Keith muffled the profanity that came out of his mouth behind his hand, but he thought Lance got the idea.

"You want me to open you up while I do this?" Lance asked, and okay, that sounded great in theory, but again, six years.

"I'm gonna, uh. I'm actually gonna do that myself," Keith said, because he was used to that, at least, and it meant he wouldn't come before he even got Lance inside of him.

"Okay," Lance said, "you want me to keep going, then?"

"I mean, I kind of do, but, yeah, wouldn't last if you did that." Keith found the bottle of lube Lance had left on the bed and sat up on his knees, leaning in to Lance's hands on his shoulder and hip, Lance's mouth on his neck.

"Should I be flattered by that?"

"Probably not." Keith knew Lance felt the way his breath hitched as he worked his middle finger into himself, because his grip tightened on Keith and his teeth scraped against his skin. "I'm just saying, it's—*mm*—kind of easy to get me riled up."

The sounds of Lance's mouth on his neck were almost loud enough to drown out the sound of Keith fingering himself, which he appreciated in a strange sort of way. He was more practical than sensual in getting himself ready, thought it was easy to get distracted by Lance touching him, especially since Lance pressed himself close enough that his cock was rubbing against Keith's again and it was so much better without his boxers on.

"Alright, hey," Keith said, when he was still definitely not as ready as he could've been, "I'm ready."

Lance leaned all his weight on Keith, tipping him over, and Keith went easily, laughing as Lance covered his body and took up all his senses at once. Lance kissed him again, and Keith held his waist with one hand, his other hovering awkwardly nearby, his first three fingers still wet.

"Keith, can I?" Lance asked, his voice just on the edge of begging.

"Yes, yeah, fuck me," Keith said, even though he was still pressing himself too tight against Lance for that to actually happen. He released Lance to let him grab a condom, because that had to happen at some point, and he snatched a couple tissues off Lance's nightstand to get all the excess lube off his fingers, because he wanted both hands for this.

Lance looked so good in the lamplight, his face a display of unselfconscious pleasure, enough of a distraction that Keith almost missed the precise moment Lance's cock pushed inside him. Almost. Keith gasped, pressing

his face into Lance's shoulder, could smell his cologne on his skin. Keith could feel Lance's breathy, uneven noises as they exited his throat, his own muffled against Lance's jaw.

"God, *Keith*," Lance sighed, rolling his hips, his thrusts uneven and imperfect, but still enough. "You feel so good, I—"

"Yeah," Keith said, because he understood. His thighs squeezed around Lance's waist, one ankle hooked over the other. They were both sweating, from the June heat and the exertion, but Keith managed to cling to Lance despite his slick skin, his fingernails digging lines he'd apologize for later into Lance's sides.

Keith was too deep in this for his anxiety to take hold of him again, especially not with Lance continuing to whisper endless praise, interspersed with sucking kisses on his neck and collarbone, his hands all over Keith's body like there wasn't an inch of him Lance didn't want to touch. It was overwhelming, sure, but it was overwhelming in the best way, the kind that made Keith throw his head back and forget to stifle whatever noises he was making.

Lance leaned back, his chest un-sticking from Keith's, and Keith was hard-pressed not to whine about it and pull Lance back. That frustration only lasted a second, though, because once Keith realized Lance was leaning back so he could fuck him harder and he could wrap his hand around Keith's cock while he did it, Keith forgave him for putting space between them.

Keith grabbed for Lance's other hand, holding it to his chest, his fingers slotting between Lance's, and Lance squeezed his hand, gentle, reassuring.

"Keith, look at me," he said, and it was effortful to peel his eyes open, because they kept rolling back in his head, which was entirely Lance's fault. He'd found the spot that drove Keith crazy and he knew it.

Keith finally managed to look at him, the creases in Lance's eyes matching the softest smile Keith had ever seen him wear. Lance smiled often, probably more often than not, and it was always endearing, from the dimple

he only got on his left cheek to the beginnings of crow's feet that were starting to fold into the corners of his eyes. But he'd never smiled at Keith like this before, like he never wanted to look at anybody else, like he was completely content, like he could do this forever.

Like even though neither of them had said it, because it felt too soon, because they were busy dancing around it instead, Lance loved him.

That look was what really made him lose it, what made him surge upward, pulling Lance close to kiss him as he came between their stomachs. It was more a meeting of mouths than an actual kiss, both of them a little too busy catching their breath to do more than remain as close to each other as possible.

"Hi," Lance said, as Keith came around, swallowing, trying to remember how to breathe like a normal person. It was possibly the most ridiculous thing he could've said, considering that he was still inside of Keith, and it was adorable.

"Hey," he said, and it still came out breathy and not sounding the least bit like Keith usually did. That might've just been because he was trying to talk over Lance pulling out of him, and the sensation knocked the wind out of him all over again.

"Good?" Lance asked, his hands still trailing all over Keith's skin, petting his chest and his shoulders.

"Yes. Yeah, god." Keith felt like it'd sound fake if he told Lance he couldn't ever remember sex having been that good before, true as it may have been. "Can I...?" he asked, his hands reaching toward Lance's body with no real goal.

"Please," Lance said, and Keith gave him a second to tug the condom off before pulling Lance into his arms, until Lance was straddling his lap, his hands cradling Keith's head as he kissed him hard enough to nearly make Keith forget what he was supposed to be doing.

He had his hand around Lance's cock within seconds, though, finding a rhythm that made Lance rock his hips into the motion, intermittently smearing his thumb over the head of Lance's cock as it started leaking pre-come over his fingertips. Lance made these little huffing, whiny noises into their kisses, which sounded more pleading than if he was actually begging Keith.

Lance dropped his head onto Keith's shoulder when he was no longer able to focus on kissing him, moaning against Keith's skin, clinging to his shoulders like Keith was somehow managing to rock his world with a handjob.

Lance added to the mess on Keith's stomach as he came, loudly kissing up Keith's neck, breathing hard, with a lot of unintelligible words that Keith thought were primarily *yes* and *fuck*.

Lance pressed his forehead against Keith's, opening his eyes to look at him again. Had his eyes always been this blue? Keith couldn't remember staring directly into them from such a close proximity, so the answer was probably yes, but he was stunned by them, anyway.

He should say something. He couldn't just sit here and flutter his eyelashes at Lance until Lance decided to move things along, after all. Unfortunately, the only thing he could come up with was, "hi."

Maybe it wasn't too bad, though, because Lance laughed brightly, kissing his lips again, surprisingly chaste for what they'd just done. He ran his fingers through Keith's hair, tucking a stray piece of it behind his ear, still looking at him like there was nobody else in the world he'd rather be face to face with right now.

"Hi," Lance said back, and Keith thought yeah, this had gone alright.

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Keith found himself unable to sleep, lying awake while Lance was in the shower, having already taken his own, wondering how the hell he was gonna explain this impromptu sleepover to Oliver tomorrow morning.

Maybe he should bring Lance with him tomorrow when he picked Oliver up from the Holts'. He'd have a good idea.

Then again, if he brought Lance, Pidge would manage to show up with confetti to throw on them or something.

A square of light opened from the direction of the bathroom as Lance walked back in, dressed in just a pair of boxers, his hair still wet.

"Still awake?" he asked, like he hadn't caught Keith peeking at him.

"It's hot," Keith said, which was only half an excuse.

"Oh, so you *don't* wanna cuddle?" Lance asked, and Keith sat up just to glare.

"I didn't say that," he said, and so he ended up with Lance in his arms, his nose in Lance's wet hair, his knees knocking against Lance's thighs. "Okay, so, maybe I wanted to stay awake 'til you came back."

"I would'a done the same if you took the last shower," Lance said, petting through Keith's hair, which still had a couple tangles from the bun he'd thrown it into so he didn't get it completely wet in the shower and soak through Lance's pillows. "Still feeling alright?"

"Hm? Oh, I'm fine," Keith said. "You were gentle with me."

"I meant emotionally, but okay."

"You were still gentle with me."

Lance squeezed him tighter, pressing a kiss to the jut of his collarbone. "Go to bed, sweetheart," he said, that particular endearment filling Keith with a restless, excitable kind of warmth. He wiggled closer to Lance, knowing he'd wake up sweaty and cursing the summer weather and how damn hot Lance was in the middle of the night.

He held Lance close anyway, because Lance was worth it.

Author's Note:

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